644.k.15
3

COVENT-GARDEN

A

SATIRE.

" *If any* Fool *is by our* Satire *bit,*
" *Let him ſnarl loud, to ſhew you all he's bit:*
" Poets *make Characters, as* Saleſmen *Cloaths,*
" *We take no Meaſure of your Fops and Beaux,*
" *But here all Sizes, and all Shapes ye meet,*
" *And fit yourſelves like Chaps in* Monmouth-Street."

Prologue to the *Three Hours after Marriage.*

Qui Capit, *Ille Habet,*

LONDON:

Printed for and Sold by T. Legg, at the *Gazette*, oppoſite *St. Dunſtan's-Church, Fleet-Street*, likewiſe Sold the Corner of the *Great Piazza, Covent-Garden.*

M.DCC.LVI.

COVENT-GARDEN

A

SATIRE.

THE
ARGUMENT.

THE ARGUMENT's *as fit annext,*
As many a Sermon t'its Text.

First, *for each* † Stephen *of the Age,*
Lo! what we've got in Title-Page;
Had we our Wiſh, not One *in Town*
To be without it ſhould be known.

Our Poem *ſatirizes bad Men,*
(Bedlam *was ne'er ſo throng'd with Madmen)*
Warns Whores and Rogues to mend their Manners,
And enter under Virtue's Banners;
Eſchew the wicked Lives they've led,
If e'er they hope to die in Bed;
Religiouſly reſort to Church,
And leave the Devil *in the* Lurch.

† Vide *Every Man in his Humour.*

Here's

The ARGUMENT.

Here's Hieroglyphics *of each Sort*
(Like Stars *and* Garters *at a* Court)
Italics *and* Initial Letters
To point at, or to ſcreen our Betters;
With Aſteriſms, *ſometimes a* Daſh,
When we're ſevereſt in our Laſh.

But Critics, *what we value moſt*
Is,———we've procur'd, a Whipping-Poſt.
If Dubious this ſhould ſeem to be,
Peruſe it, and (‡ perhaps)---you'll ſee.

‡ This Word (of more Sound than Subſtance) is frequently uſed amongſt the modern Literati and Connoiſſeurs (which is certainly a ſufficient Excuſe for our inſerting it) as for Example, Dr. *** is, *perhaps*, one of the greateſt Botaniſts of the Age; Mr. *** is, *perhaps*, one of the moſt perfect Performers on the Stage; or my Lord *** is, *perhaps*, the fineſt Writer and Beau in the Nation; and we will add, that *perhaps* ſome doughty Critic of the *Bedford*, either with or without peruſing the following Poem, will ſay, "*this is*, perhaps, *ſome of the ſaddeſt Stuff* "*I have ever met with.*

N. B. Our *Author* intends to object to all ſuch Sentences, as uncertain or premature.

COVENT-

COVENT-GARDEN:

A

SATIRE.

I Sing not now of bloody Wars,
Of bruiſing blows, and deſp'rate ſcars
Receiv'd by ſwords, 'midſt fire and ſmoke,
Which quickly prove *Man's life's a joke*;
Where if a man ſhould loſe a limb,
Honour is full reward for him;
Thence ever after doom'd to beg,
Sad recompence! for loſs of leg.

Nor will I ſing in praiſe of *peace*,
Of *grandeur*, or of *private eaſe*;
Nor for dry *politicks* and *news*,
Become indebted to my *muſe*;
With many other ſuch like matters,
Which *bard* from *pericranium* ſcatters,
When rigid *duns* inceſſant teize,
And *landlady* declares ſhe'll ſeize,
Unleſs ſhe's paid in little time;
Oft fate! of thoſe who deal in rhime.

AUGUSTA's ſons all know the *place*,
Once fam'd for *piety* and *grace*;
Where *Holy Fathers* told their beads,
And *Nuns* confeſs'd their evil deeds:
But oh! ſad change, oh! ſhame to tell,
How ſoon a prey to *vice* it fell!

How ſince, its juſteſt appellation
Is---GRAND SERAGLIO TO THE NATION.

Now brawling *matrons* raiſe their ſtalls,
Where ſtood the conſecrated walls;
There various herbs, and fruits appear,
Exceeding good---but very dear.

FULL in the midſt there ſtands a *dial*
Tells us * *time flies.* ---And *we muſt die all,*
We learn by graves of neighb'ring dead,
Adorn'd with croſs-bones, and death's head,
And ſtrew'd with texts, and ſacred ſtories,
Adapted for---*memento mori*'s;
With epitaphs, in verſe brought pat-in
But, what is ſtrange, oft wrote in *latin*;
A language ſeldom underſtood,
By thoſe who uſe the neighbourhood;

Not

* *Fugio Fuge, Non Redibo, Via Vitæ, Feſtina Lente.* Inſcriptions on the DIAL.

Not ſcourg'd at ſchool, they ſcarcely know
What's *latin* for an *Engliſh beau:*
Howe'er, their judgment in a wench,
Oft proves them learned in the *French.*
T'was wrote---I cannot tell you when,
Nor where---that none ſhould enter in
T'billiard rooms, or table E O,
T'coffee bawdy-houſe, bagnio;
Till firſt by proper tenſe and mood,
Theſe conſtru'd were, and underſtood.

A BUILDING near, attention draws,
Where *mimic monarchs* ſeek applauſe,
And ſatire keen with equal ſting,
Aims at the peaſant as the king:
Here *actors* ev'ry pow'r employ,
To cauſe alternate grief and joy;

By

By paſſion rais'd, depreſs'd by fear,
The heart-felt throb, the melting tear:
To night we feel for *Zara*'s woe;
The next with *mirth* we overflow,
At *Shakeſpear*'s hum'rous comic vein,
If *Falſtaff* crowns the laughing ſcene.

Oh! *Shakeſpear*, with what pain I ſee,
The ſmall regard that's paid to thee;
High rais'd above a *Tavern door*,
T'invite each drunken rake and whore.
Could matchleſs merit nought avail,
The poignant joke, nor moral tale?
Nought ſave thee from this dire diſgrace?
Oh, ſhameful record of our race!

Near, *D**s* ſtill maintains her ground,
Empreſs o'er all the bawds around;

(Where *innocence* is often ſold,
Hard caſe! for ſhining ſordid gold;)
By craft ſhe draws th' unwary in,
And keeps a *pulick mart* for ſin;
Tho' *juſtice* that ſhould make, wrong, right,
Holds out the ſword, and ſcales in fight;
But *ſight* will not avail we find,
For *juſtice*, as of old, is blind;
And *common fame*, elſe ſhe's a liar,
Reports, that *juſtice* has its hire.

But, reader, now (with due ſubmiſſion)
We'll make one ſerious ſhort digreſſion.

Is *modeſty*, is *virtue* fled?
'Their names are found when books are read;
'Sometimes they're us'd by way of guiſe,
'To ward off ſcandal-ſearching eyes,

When

'When tattling *rumour* late has ſpread,
'The loſs of *quondam maidenhead*;
'Or by chaſte virgins in decay,
'Hight *old maids*---name of dire diſmay!'

YE raviſhers of *beauty's ſpoils*,
Who 'tangle *innocence* in toils,
Liſt' while a *fable* I relate,
When things inanimate could prate.
It happen'd---nay, why never frown,
The *fabulous* ſometime's your own;
Let *candour* over *ſpleen* prevail
For once, nor cry "*the ſubject's ſtale.*"
But chiefly I addreſs to you,
Ye fair, to whom all Honour's due.

THE daughter of a country ſquire,
Who liv'd near town, nine miles, or nigher;

Mira

Mira her name, her temper mild;
Each morn a fleeting hour beguil'd
In viſiting the fragrant beds,
Where *nature*'s works rich odour ſheds;
There view'd the beauties of *creation*,
And *pleaſure* mix'd with *contemplation*.

It chanc'd, a *lilly* paſſing fair,
(Whoſe head wav'd wanton in the air,
By ſportive *zephyr* fondly play'd)
One morn beheld the blooming maid;
And ever as ſhe paſs'd it by,
With bended head it ſeem'd to ſigh;
Her hand it kiſs'd (with eager pride)
To its own purity ally'd,
And begg'd--- 'that it with honours grac'd,
'Might in her beauteous boſom plac'd

Be

'Be happy.---For, beyond compare,
'All happineſs was center'd there.

THE *Fair* thus ſeriouſly reply'd,
In accents ſmooth, yet ſeem'd to chide:
'Know'ſt thou not *fool* the brighteſt flow'r,
'If pluck'd, will wither in an hour;
'Its ſcents ſo ſweet, its dyes ſo fair,
'Theſe ſoon extinct, thoſe taint the air;
'Then learn to keep thy native place,
'And reign ſtill faireſt of thy race.'

THE moral's obvious---but hark---

Methinks I hear a *critic* ſay,
'Damn him, he turns to grave from gay;
'As *moraliſt* he thinks he ſhines,
'So onward ſteals a dozen lines:

‘ Can he, ambitious, dare to hope,
‘ To curb thoſe *vices*, laſh'd by *Pope*?
‘ Which throve in ſpite of *Steele* and *Gay*,
‘ Or all immortal *Swift* could ſay:
‘ As vain th' attempt muſt ſtill be found,
‘ *Folly* and *vice* will keep their ground.'

I HUMBLY anſwer haughty pride,
‘ The poem's eaſy flung aſide.'
What if too *weak* to ſtrike the lyre
With equal ſkill, or equal fire;
What tho' untaught in *learning*'s ſchool,
May I not glean one ſtraggling fool?
Muſt *radiant wiſdom* never hope,
With *vicious folly* more to cope?
Though each wing'd hour brings atteſtation,
Debauch'ry reigns throughout the nation:

‘ Shall

Shall all neglect? will none defend?
May I not own me, *virtue*'s *friend*?

Yes, while theſe eyes can ſee the light,
This pen, tho' *weak*, ſhall wage the fight;
May ev'ry line transfix a foe,
With arrows wing'd from *wiſdom*'s bow.

Oh, for a ray of that bright fire,
Which * *Young*, or ‡ *Whitehead* did inſpire,
To aid me while I boldly aim,
Folly and *vice* to link with ſhame.

But now let's turn our roving eyes,
To ſee a little ſtructure riſe;
Erected for the public good,
Full thirty years it now has ſtood;

With

* The Univerſal Paſſion. ‡ Honour, a Satire.

With patience hear me paint the charms
Of---MITCHELL FROM THE BEDFORD ARMS:
Behold a room both long and neat
Where men of mix'd conditions meet;
Of each degree from *lords* to *cits*
From *authors* down to *puny wits*;
Dealers in anagram, or re-
Bus, pun, conundrum, repartee.
Hither each morn the critic hies,
For coffee-drinking makes him wise;
Enables him in full debate,
To drag *blind error* to its fate:
Oh! were this all---the worſt's behind,
Critics are oft to *beauties* blind;
Rather than yield their time miſpent,
They'll find out meanings never meant;
Cauſe, or no cauſe, with *rancour* bunt
And ſnarl, like curs (y'cleped curſt.)

Thoſe

Thoſe whoſe pall'd palates nicer are,
Sip *Or D' geat*, *Jellies*, *Coup D' lare*;
Some penſive ſtand, or ſlowly walk;
Some ſilence keep, while others talk;
Some ſitting read the daily news;
Others the weekly papers chuſe:
Thus entertain'd, the grave, the gay,
Divert the tedious hours away.
The *Widow* ſtrives to pleaſure all,
Robert is ever at her call;
And *Charles*'s worth loud fame ſhall tell,
How he can go on errands well:
Where ev'ry pow'r is form'd to pleaſe,
Sure buſineſs daily muſt increaſe.
Aſſiſt me, gentle muſe, while I,
(Inviſible to every eye)
Diſplay each object paſſing by.

FIRST, ſee *Criterio* lead the van,
(With meagre countenance and wan)
Chief cenſor in this ſcribling age,
The dread of authors, and the ſtage;
Now while his coffee cooling ſtands,
With earneſt eyes, and lifted hands
Exclaims at *Taſte*, and with a frown,
Cenſures the * *World*, and Mr. *Town*;
Then ſtreight of *politics* is full,
Or, " doctor *H**ll* is grown ſo dull;"
Next on the *actors* vents his ſpleen,
' Such playing now, ſure ne'er was ſeen;
' *G*rr*k* can only ſtare and ſtart,
' And am'rous *B**y* whines his part;
' *M*ſs*p* is always in a rage,
' Beſides, he cannot walk the ſtage;
' And *R**ſs*, with ſmooth unmeaning face,
' Is ſcarce endu'd with one good grace.

' The

* The WORLD and CONNOISSIEUR, two periodical Papers of diſtinguiſh'd Merit.

‘ The women too are juſt the ſame;
‘ *G*rr*k* is very much to blame;
‘ He ſince has often curs'd his folly,
‘ In turning off his pretty *Polly*;
‘ *M*kl*n* and *B**d* may chaunt in vain,
‘ For *Gay* will ſeldom take again.’

Thus th' arch-critic ſpits his ſpite
'Gainſt theſe who act, or thoſe who write;
Then, in a paſſion, turns about,
Throws down his two-pence and goes out.

Lo, *H*g*th!* artizan renown'd,
(Ye *ſons of dulneſs* dread the ſound!)
Whoſe ſkilful pencil laſhes all
Vice, in ‘ *great vulgar, or in ſmall.*’
His beaver cock'd with careleſs air,
Oh, all ye tinſel'd fops beware;

Screen *folly* in *fair wiſdom*'s guiſe,
And, if you can, for once look wiſe;
Leſt pourtray'd by his matchleſs hand,
Immortaliz'd--ye *dunces* ſtand.

See *Clodio*, vain egregious beau,
Whom porters, pimps, and chairmen know;
Who boaſts of conqueſts in amours,
With maids, wives, widows, common whores;
Relates the feats he has perform'd,
When with champaign and claret warm'd;
Of rouzing bawds from out their beds;
Of breaking windows, lamps, and heads
Along the *Strand*, and *Drury-lane*,
Quixote ne'er did the like in *Spain*;
While other coxcombs round him ſit,
Praiſing his *ribaldry* for *wit*.

NEAR *F**te* with *Proteus* art endow'd,
Each night diverts the gaping croud;
In different cadence hear him ſpeak,
From *Quin*'s rough growl to *Punch*'s ſqueak;
Then ſhews how much he can excel,
All others, in * *Humbugging* well;
Thinks *defamation* is no ſin,
So he can ‡ *take his hearers in*;
Then finds his labours well rewarded,
If by the *D***s* applauded.

IMMORTAL *L***n* is next obſerv'd,
Who from *falſe-genius* never ſwerv'd;
By her and all her ſons ador'd,
Sole ſov'reign of the wooden ſword.
An half-ſtarv'd poet near him ſtood,
(Eager for glory, and for food)

* Vide the Scoundrels Dictionary, ‡ ibid.

Submiſſively he often pray'd,
His *piece* might ſpeedily be play'd;
He hop'd he'd have conſideration,
On five years tedious expectation;
But ſoon thoſe hopes exhal'd like ſmoke,
When thus the *motley monarch* ſpoke.
'--Your play, my friend--I have perus'd--
--Am ſorry--it muſt be refus'd.
The thing--'tis true--is well enough--
(He paus'd--and ply'd his noſe with ſnuff)
The diction's good---the ſcene's well laid,
But yet---to act it---I'm afraid.
Shakeſpear himſelf will ſcarce go down---
I'll tell you how to *charm* the town;
Would you in *drama* lead the van,
Your ſtructure rear on *Ovid's plan*;
Take *Danae* and the *golden ſhow'r*,
Or change *Narciſſus* to a flow'r;

Make

Make gods and goddeſſes deſcend;
Let dancing fiends aſſiſtance lend;
Then mix 'em well and never fear,
You'll find the profits on't—next year:
Not all the force of proſe or rhime,
Can vye with one good *pantomime.*'

AMAZ'D, the *bard* in haſte withdrew,
And to his cloud-capt garret flew;
There rail'd at *fortune*'s harſh decree,
And curs'd the *town* and *patentee*;
Curs'd the *falſe taſte* that rul'd the age,
And chas'd *true genius* from the ſtage.
'Too late I find (he cry'd) 'tis truth,
'Which oft was told me in my youth;
'*They build a houſe on ſand with ſtraws,*
'*Whoſe hopes are,* POPULAR APPLAUSE.

Then

Then form'd freſh ſchemes to earn his bread,
And ſo went ſupperleſs to bed.

HAIL happy *The*, thy father's ſon,
(Whom men of ſenſe with caution ſhun)
You, when ſtern creditors preſs hard,
Can eaſily aſſume the *bard*,
And in a priſon's cloſe receſs,
The ſtudious with thy labours bleſs;
Canſt careleſs blaſt a neighbour's fame,
Or right or wrong its all the ſame;
(So far in ſcandal's paths you've trod,
For gold you'd ſcandalize your *****.)
(May *merit* always meet *deſert*)
Merit, like your's, deſerves a ****.

WHO's next? 'tis *L**b**t*, artiſt true,
As ever after *nature* drew;

But

But what's more worth, with truth we can
Affirm, he is an honeſt man.

May my juſt *muſe*, with envious ſpirit,
Ne'er throw a ſlur on real *merit*.

From hence to *L******'s next we roam,
Where, mounted in his *auction-room*,
Behold the ſucceſſor to C**,
With lifted hand about to knock;
Yet lingers, while the trinket's ſhewing,
'Its going—gentlemen—a going:
'An *Otho*, *Heliogabulus*,
'A *Mummy* and *Syrcophagus*,
'A *Hercules* without its toes,
'A *Female Buſt* which wants—a noſe.'
Then wonders why no more is bid,
For ruſty coins which long lay hid,

Till dug from out *Herculaneum*,
He ſaw the man who'd ſwear he'd ſeen'um;
Each *connoiſſeur* the copper ſmells
Or taſtes. 'The next are curious ſhells,
'Collected by a *virtuoſo*,
'And ſold for uſe of *curioſo*.'
Here doctor *Claſſic* buys an urn,
In which the *Romans* us'd to burn
The bodies of each *Fellow-Roman*,
With characters inſcrib'd, by no-man
Alive decypher'd,—*Syriac*, *Greek*;
How great a pleaſure 'tis—*to ſeek*,
To gueſs, deny, confute, maintain,
Agree, and diſagree again.
'The *pictures*—lot the thirty-third
'*Is of great value*—*on my word*:
'Firſt—behold *Dives* at a feaſt;
'Then here's—*the wiſemen of the eaſt*

'Led

'Led by a ſtar—the *wedding dinner*
'Of *Cana*—the *publican* and *ſinner*,
'The *crucifixion*—*very fine*,
'The *devil* ent'ring into ſwine;
'The next's—a *ruin*—*water-fall*,
'The *reſurrection*, done by *Paul*
'*Rubens*—*a jewel of a piece*,
'The ſubject's from the wars of *Greece*;
'They're all originals high finiſh'd,
'And ne'er were yet in price diminiſh'd.'

Thus *fools* of thouſands are bereft,
And *knaves* grow rich by *legal theft*.

Is there ought elſe deſerves our ſearch?
'*Why yet you've never nam'd the* CHURCH.'
The church--a pile of goodly ſtones,
Was built by fam'd *Inigo Jones*:

An organ,--bell which tolls to pray'r,
(Juſt as all other churches are)
Beſides, there's excellent diſcourſe!
But that has loſt its wonted force;
Its ſcarcely worth the hearing o'er,
Since *F**kl**n* preaches there no more.
Oh! how it puts me on the rack,
To ſee a *pedant* cloath'd in black,
Mumble a *ſermon* to himſelf,
To ſave his lungs and get the pelf;
While all around, the ſimple ſheep,
Fatigu'd with grazing---*fall aſleep.*

A POST ſtands near, where vicious men
Are *laſh'd* with *rope*, inſtead of *pen*;
And thoſe who try---without a joke,
Muſt own there's *gall* in ev'ry *ſtroke.*

The

The *bard* who wields this *poignant* rope,
Is *ſatiriſt* ſevere as *Pope*;
Then certes—each ſucceſſive *line*,
His *ſatire*'s more acute than mine.

HOWE'ER 'tis fit we make excuſe,
For what may elſe be deem'd abuſe.
The muſe is fled, and to my ſorrow,
I'm forc'd apology to borrow.

'GALLANTS look here* this *Fool*'s *Cap* has an air
'Goodly and ſmart, with ears of *Iſſachar*,
'Let no one *fool* engroſs it, or confine,
'A common bleſſing—now 'tis yours, now mine.
'But *Poets* in all ages had the care,
'To keep this *Cap* for ſuch as will, to wear;

* Vide the Title Page.

‘ Our *author* has it now (for ev'ry *wit*,
‘ Of course resign'd it to the next that writ)
‘ And thus amongst you all 'tis fairly thrown,
‘ Let him that takes it, wear it, 'tis his own.’

Prol. to *Three Hours after Marriage*.

FINIS.